Goe I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breaſt.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, ſecurely I eſpie
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the tryall Marſhall, and begin.
Mar. *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby
Receive thy Lance, and heaven defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a Towre in hope, I cry, Amen.
Mar. Goe beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke,
1 *Har.* *Harry* of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Soveraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here ſtandeth *Tho, Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his Soveraigne, and to him diſloyall:
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin. *A charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes, what we decree.
A long flouriſh.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our councell we have done.
For that our Kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deare blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our eyes doe hate the dire aſpect
Of civill wounds plough'd up with neyghbours ſwords,
Which ſo rouz'd up with boyſtrous untun'd drummes,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire Peace,
And

And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You Coſin Hereford, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done: this muſt my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you here ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beames to you here lent,
Shall poynt on me, and gilde my baniſhment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heavier doome.
Which I with ſome unwillingneſſe pronounce,
The ſlye ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeleſſe word, of never to returne,
Breathe againſt thee, upon paine of life.
Mow. A heavy ſentence my moſt Soveraigne Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſſe mouth:
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe a maime,
As to be caſt forth in the common ayre
Have I deſerved at your Highneſſe hands.
The Language I have learn'd theſe forty yeares
(My native Engliſh) now I muſt forgoe,
And now my tongues uſe is to me no more,
Then an unſtringed Vyoll, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue
Doubly pureulliſt with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne upon a Nurſe,
To farre in yeares to be a pupill now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſſe death,
Which robs my tongue from breatheing native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.

Mow.